As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France
On serious busines craning quicke dispatch,
Importuous personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attende,
Like humble visage Suters his high will.
Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. *Exit Boy.*
Prince. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lordes, that are vowfellowes with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. Longauill is one.
Princ. Know you the man?
1. *Lady.* I know him Maddame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the bewtious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne peerelesse he is esteemd:
Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes:
Nothing becoms him ill that he would well,
The onely soyle of his fayre vertues glose,
If vertues glose will staine with any soyle,
Is a sharpe Wit matcht with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wils,
It should none spare, that come within his power.
Prin. Some merrie mocking Lord belike, is't so?
Lad. They say so most, that most his humors know.
Prin. Such short liued wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
2. *Lad.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued,
Most power to do most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines.
3. *Lad.* An other of these Studentes at that time,
Was there with him, if I haue heard a trueth.

Berowne

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest,
Which his fayre tongue (conceites expositer)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious wordes,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And younger hearinges are quite rauished,
So sweete and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God blesse my Ladyes, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.
Lord. Heere comes *Boyet.* *Enter Boyet.*
Prin. Now, What admittance Lord?
Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approch,
And he and his competitours in oth,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,
Like one that comes heere to besiedge his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oth:
To let you enter his vnpeeled house.

Enter *Nauar*, *Longauill*, *Dumaine*, & *Berowne*.
Bo. Heere comes *Nauar*.
Nauar. Faire Princesse, Welcome to the court of *Nauar*.
Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fieldes too base to be mine.
Nau. You shalbe welcome Madame to my Court.
Prin. I wilbe welcome then, Conduct me thither.
Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oth,
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'le be forsworne.
Nau. Not for the worlde faire Madame, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladishyp is ignoraunt what it is.